Roosevelt's Home Letters

Interesting Collection Reveals Much of Character of the Great American

By Heywood Broun

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S LETTERS TO HIS CHILDREN. Edited by Joseph Bucklin Bishop. Published by Scribner's.

Writing to Kermit on the eve of the national election of 1904, Theodore Roosevelt expressed some uncertainty about the outcome, but then added: "I don't think that any family has enjoyed the White House more than we have."

Everything in the collection of letters gathered by Joseph Bucklin Bishop tends to support this belief of the Colonel. For instance, we find him wondering in one letter whether it is quite the thing "for a stout, elderly President to be bouncing over haywicks in a wild effort to get to goal before an active midget of a competitor aged nine years."

For our part we often find the character of Colonel Roosevelt as much of a puzzle as that of Daisy Ashford. There is about him, upon occasion, the same amazing quality of naivete which seems almost too perfect to be authentic. Thus, in a letter to his eldest son Ted, he speaks soberly to question whether it is wise for the boy to attempt to play football on the second squad at Groton because his lack of weight makes him liable to injury, and a little later he tells Kermit that he himself has been wrestling in the White House with two Japanese and adds, "My throat is a little sore, because once when one of them had a strangle hold I also got hold of his windpipe and thought I could perhaps choke him off before he could choke me. However, he got ahead."

In a month or so we find the Colonel still at the wrestling, but beginning to doubt a little as to whether it is just the best sort of exercise for a busy President. "I am very glad," he writes, "I have been doing this Japanese wrestling, but when I am through with it this time I am not sure at all I shall ever try it again while I am so busy with other work as I am now. Often by the time I get to 5 o'clock in the afternoon I will be feeling like a stewed owl, after an eight hours' grapple with Senators, Congressmen, etc. Then I find the wrestling a trifle too vehement for mere rest. My right ankle and my left wrist and one thumb and both great toes are swollen sufficiently to mare or less impair their usefulness, and I am still mottled with bruises elsewhere. Still, I have made good progress, and since you left they have taught me three new throws that are perfect corkers."

The spirit of boisterous play which prevailed in the White House seems to have been abundant enough to include others, as well as the immediate family. "Another evening," writes the Colonel, "the next Speaker of the House, Mr. Cannon, an exceedingly solemn gentleman with chin whiskers, who certainly does not look to be of a playful nature, came to call upon me. He is a great friend of mine, and we sat talking over what our policies for the session should be until about 11 o'clock, and when he went away I accompanied him to the head of the stairs. He had gone about half way down, when Tom Quartz (the White House cat) strolled by, his tail erect and very fluffy. He spied Mr. Cannon going down the stairs, jumped to the conclusion that he was a playmate escaping, raced after him, suddenly grasping him by the leg the way he does Archie and Quentin when they play hide-and-seek with him; then, loosening his hold, he tore downstairs ahead of Mr. Cannon, who eyed him with iron calm and not one particle of surprise."

Colonel Roosevelt insisted in his letters to his sons again and again that they must not permit themselves to allow athletic sports to encroach upon the time which should be devoted to studies. There is no lack of fervor in these letters, and without doubt they were written sincerely, and yet it is difficult to be altogether convinced by them. Indeed, there are occasionally revelations, as in a letter to Kermit, who has just been chosen captain of some class team. Upon that occasion Colonel Roosevelt wrote: "I was much pleased at your being chosen captain of the Seventh. I had not expected it. I rather suspect that you will be behind in your studies this month. If so, try to make up next month, and keep above the middle of the class if you can."

Perhaps nothing is more characteristic than the final letter which ended the discussion as to which football squad at Groton young Ted should try for. The rector finally prevailed upon Theodore, jr., that he should stay with the third squad and Colonel Roosevelt wrote: "I do not in the least object to your getting smashed if it is for an object that is worth while, such as playing on the Groton team or playing on your class team when you get to Harvard. But I think it is a little silly to run any imminent risk of a serious smash simply to play on the second squad instead of the third. I am judging for you as I would for myself. When I was young and rode across country I was light and tough, and if I did, as actually happened, break an arm or a rib no damage ensued and no scandal was caused. Now I am stiff and heavy and any accident to me would cause immense talk, and I do not take the chance; simply because it is not worth while."

President Roosevelt wrote this shortly before he went to Africa to shoot lions.

Short Stories of America

SHORT STORIES OF THE NEW AMERICA. Selected and edited by May Lamberton Becker. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

There are stories of genuine merit in Miss Laselle's collection, although several of her selections were evidently made for the benefit of juvenile readers. "A Little Kansas Leaven," a touching and beautiful excerpt from Dorothy Canfield's book "Home Fires in France," is easily the best piece of writing in the book. Albert Payson Terhune's "The Wildcat" is a good, rollicking, humorous story of a Southern mountaineer, who was a dead shot, but hated army discipline.

The Command Is Forward

By Sgt. Alexander Woollcott

A HANDSOME book containing the best battlefield stories that appeared in "The Stars and Stripes," complete files of which are now as rare as rubies and as costly. Reprinted just as they originally appeared, except that every outfit mentioned is identified by name. Illustrated with C. Leroy Baldridge's famous drawings. (A Century book. All bookstores. $1.75.)

THE OWNER OF THE LAZY D.

By William Patterson White

"When one takes up a Wild West story one wants adventure, plenty of fighting, a little love making, but especially the wild, lawless West. * * * Mr. White understands this and has given his readers the real thing."

"Dal Gilmore, although his identity is revealed only at the end of the story, is as fine a specimen of manly courage and nobility as can be found in the literature of the West."

"Mr. White has produced the most stirring Wild West Story that has been published for many a year."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

Frontispiece by Anton Fischer

$1.60 net. *At All Booksellers.*

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., Publishers, Boston

THE FIFTH LARGE PRINTING has just been ordered of Katharine Newlin Burt's

THE BRANDING IRON

A record in American publishing has been established by the sale of this "first" novel by a hitherto unknown novelist.

At all bookstores Illustrated. $1.65 net

Houghton Mifflin Co. Boston and New York

Notes of a Camp Follower

On the Western Front

E. W. Hornung

A diary, tale and picture all in one; capitally written and with a touch of tenderness in it, explained by the fact that the author went to the front to carry on his dead son's part in the war. It expresses finely the spirit in which the men of the Y. M. C. A. went to the war and the work they did. Net $2.00.

Postage extra. Order of your Bookseller or E. P. DUTTON & CO. 681 Fifth Ave., New York.

Announcement

Reviews of current magazines will appear each week on this page, provided we receive the magazines for review

A Woman's Woman

A New Novel Focusing On Woman and the Home

A WOMAN'S WOMAN. By Nalbro Bartley. Published by Small, Maynard & Co.

For this, at least, Nalbro Bartley, has earned a salute—that she has founded her novel, "A Woman's Woman," on a real theme. She has looked around her at the shifting social panorama and recognized that something important is happening. In spite of severe limitations and crudities of inference, it is this critical viewpoint—this lifting of the wavering candle of her story to illumine contemporaneous social history—that gives her book a degree of distinction.

Her heroine is a middle-aged woman, faced at the dawn of the twentieth century with the necessity for a painful readjustment of all the standards by which she has been bred. All the orthodox virtues in which women have paid their way have by the modern shiftings of thought suddenly depreciated in value so that if she would not admit herself bankrupt and outworn she must set herself to take account of her resources. In the reckoning she finds that the whole series of hearthstone virtues—her gift for patient drudgery, her willing self-effacement, her respect for tradition—all this is small and insignificant, if not downright questionable coin. It is inadequate to buy her the respect of her family or the world she lives in. Her husband has set his life to the bright modern pace that leaves her plodding far behind. Her daughters bewilder her with their passionate individualism. The older is an intellectual who regards family ties contemptuously. The younger plunges into social life, with all its modern disquieting freedom from inhibitions. The mother is left alone in her massive and intricate scheme of homemaking.

The story deals with her emergence into an individuality of her own. Her first timid assertions, her venture into economic independence, turning to shrewd business account her despised domestic gifts, her growth in assurance and sophistication are seen with a bright satiric cleverness. In finding her own interests she grows cynically indifferent to her children's vagaries. Harriet's weird studio existence, Sally's equally weird social life, her husband's detachment, all cease to trouble her. By force of an individuality that will not admit defeat she becomes economic head of the family and a personality. This is, by Miss Bartley's reckoning, the final catastrophe. And side by side with the disintegration of the family into its separate units there goes the attenuation of the home. It dwindles from a house, with its incredibly complicated ritual of housekeeping, to the cursory housekeeping of a flat, recedes further into "light" housekeeping and vanishes utterly in hotel existence.

There is an absorbing theme here—but the ability to set it forth even so glibly as Miss Bartley does is only the lesser half of the equipment necessary for handling it. It is in wringing an interpretation out of all this really vital stuff that she achieves a bright and dazzling failure. Because her imagination does not extend to the realization that all this social change is merely symptomatic of a changed modern world, she builds left-handedly on the assumption that if you retrieve the scattered fragments of the old social order you will automatically restore the old integrities.

Miss Bartley's tenderness for the old regime is, to say the least, excessive. It is hard to share her rapture for that scheme of life which was so solidly built on orthodox theology, personal philanthropy, oldtime hired girls and Saturday night baths. And she would perish sooner than admit that underneath the rosy sentimentalities of those Victorian unions there ran as realistic and sinister a current of human nature as what she is so shocked to discover to-day. Shoddy and wasteful as modern life is, there was no lack of shoddy and waste in the old order she so extravagantly admires.

Miss Bartley does not scruple to stress a point to gain an effect. She colors character crudely and motivates mechanically to point her warning against the relaxing of old restraints. And yet now and then her own characters rise to judge her. She is severe with Harriet's absurd intellectual passion for the human race, which she regards as a neurotic perversion of the proper emotional ideal of family service.

"You do not understand," the girl argues with her mother, "but after you see the work I'll do, tracing child labor to its source and stopping it, you're bound to approve. Some of the canneries in the grape belt have children of eight and nine helping to pick, and some foreigners let their four or five-year-old babies shell peas and string beans and hold down a regular job!"

"Well, the poor souls know where their children are—better than letting them be run over by an automobile"—murmured her mother. "I remember when such things existed and nobody seemed to think them terrible."

And Miss Bartley is not satirical of the mother! This is about the quality of her social perceptions. It is against this depressing stodginess, this impenetrable dulness of outlook that her theme is finally wrecked. R. D.

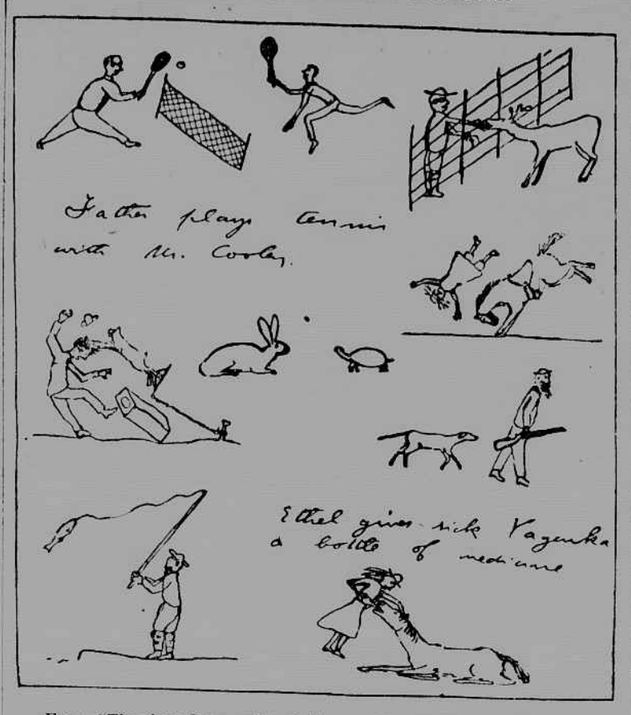
By the Author of "Slippy McGee"

A WOMAN NAMED SMITH

By Marie Conway Oemler

A GOOD novel for anybody, any time, anywhere. A two-handed love-story, a haunted house, lots of bright comedy set in a delightful Southern town. (A Century book. All booksellers. $1.60.)

Sketches by Theodore Roosevelt



From "Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children," Scribner's.

The Lash and Sting of Sex

Victorian Self-Consciousness Lost in Art of D. H. Lawrence and Other Modern Writers

The modern hunger for experience, for testing all the avenues of escape out of the raw fields of living into some conjectured beatitude, has overthrown the old style of novel writing. The best selling novelists, from Joseph Conrad to H. B. Wright, still present a solid front of classic construction; they tell stories that can be mapped out, with a rise, a peak and a fall, dying or otherwise. Henry James used to leave a few unresolved harmonies in his final paragraphs, and Conrad has followed closely in his example, but for the greater part the ramparts of fiction are well kept in front by rounded narratives of classic form.

Yet it is, after all, a false front. Behind this smooth appearance is an horrific decadence, with dozens and dozens of new novels coming into being without any apparent design of the kind that is so obvious in the nineteenth century novel. These are novels of a new order, spineless, almost formless creatures, wandering restlessly through meads and pastures, valleys, alleys, and over oceans, foraging hungrily through the facts of life as they are found glaringly on the hills under the widely revealing sun. The new novelist scarcely ever comes to an agreement with existence or finds any moral solvent outside of the sheer fact of experience itself and the quiescence that may come with it. The novel, in the hands of young people who have heard modern music, seen modern art and lived past the gamut of motors and guns, has become subjective, self-expressing and lyrical. As such it has only the kind of form which can be found in a sudden hillside geyser, Wordsworth's form in his most famous Ode, or Shelley in his. It owns to the kind of form that marks Whitman, being in more than a half dozen ways the child of Whitman. It is already old-fashioned, so fast do the fashions go, to admit that the greatest modern discovery is sex, yet for a hundred years scientists and philosophers and artists together have been thinking of nothing else, from Mendel to Freud, and from Schopenhauer, through Nietzsche, Wagner, Rodin, Swinburne, Ibsen, Hardy, Meredith, Anatole France, Whitman, Samuel Butler, down to Bennett and Wells and "Spoon River." It is the accent of the time, and a good deal of energy was spent for a long time trying to make it possible for the accent to ring free. Now very suddenly a whole school of creative persons have shed their garments from them and leaped out in the white light of knowledge, quite naked and unashamed.

"The Way of All Flesh" set a fashion in autobiographical fiction that young Englishmen have been following feverishly ever since. But to say it hides the actual development and evolution that took place. It was indeed an epoch-making novel because it allowed a good many persons to see themselves naturally and truthfully for the first time. This was such a vivid experience that Britons have been trying to recapture it ever since. This is the explanation of Gilbert Cannan, Compton MacKenzie, J. D. Beresford, D. H. Lawrence, W. L. George in his early work, James Joyce, Dorothy Richardson, and, in some ways, of May Sinclair. All these people are talking rather more than less about their own fierce adventure into life, sharply dissatisfied, in contrast to their Victorian fathers, with the bland surfaces of consciousness, biting deeply into the bloodstream of existence and always finding sex. Because they are talking of themselves, are subjective and lyrical, they express themselves in a variety of forms. Joyce is a poet; so is Lawrence. Lawrence is, in direction at least, such a poet as James Oppenheim, but much more subtle, more instantaneous in his imagery, more poetic and less rhetorical, similar in the compulsion which makes both of them writhe in their poetry under the lash and sting of sex. In this light it is a weak critic who hides from the prose and poetry of Lawrence because it is heavy with poppied fragrance. It is obvious that this is nowhere a pleasant fact; humans are always in the act of saying grace to such gods as Rabelais because by humor they have had the power to make sex less terrible. But to characterize Lawrence as sex-ridden, failing to see him in the history of his time and to leave him there righteously alone, is to end before criticism begins.

"Sons and Lovers" is the story of an Œdipus complex—"The Rainbow" a powerful narrative of three generations of heavy-blooded farmers, men and women, afflicted in the thin air of modernity, where they emerge with hungers that defy feeding or sublimation. Both books are formless, yet powerful, in their very subservience to a motivation that broods and rules over the whole scene of existence. There is no unity here of superficial form. The unity is deeper, massive and intergraded in the very substance. Sex is the coherer. "Look, We Have Come Through" is this afflicted lyricism in poetic form, still a novel, still narrative, but with the imagery leaping more quickly to expression and the thought striking more subtly into understanding. Scarcely a shade of intensity stands between Lawrence's prose and his poetry. Both are overborne with feeling.

Not much of this is pleasant, partly because minds that are accustomed to travel in the well-defined paths of suffering that led from Victorian sin to Victorian expiation here will find no guide posts. The code has been transmuted and the reader suffers with the half cosmic heroes and heroines, trying, too, to find their way to contentment. In the end there is none. Life rarely has any, either ends or contentments. RALPH BLOCK.

Our Oriental Policy

Chinese Writer Sketches Situation in Far East

THE ORIENTAL POLICY OF THE UNITED STATES. By Henry Chung. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.

Mr. Chung is already known to students of Oriental affairs through his recent compilation of the treaties affecting his native country, Corea. Convinced that the menace of Japanese imperialism is very imperfectly appreciated in the United States, he undertakes to show how American policy in the Far East should be modified to cope with this pressing danger. He describes the steady political and commercial expansion of Japan upon the mainland of Asia, and points out that this expansion, if unchallenged by England or America, will eventually give Japan complete control of the enormous natural resources of China. He defines the ultimate aim of Japanese foreign policy as "the consolidation of Asia under Japanese domination." Mr. Chung predicts that, if such a programme of grandiose imperialism is successfully carried out, another world war will inevitably ensue.

The author advocates the building up of a strong, solvent, united China as a barrier against Japanese aggression. To this end he urges America and the European powers to adopt an international policy toward China, based on the mutual renunciation of the "spheres of influence" and the predatory trade privileges now enjoyed by the various powers in China. Mr. Chung suggests that the Chinese natural resources should be developed through the combined capital of all the powers, as was proposed by Secretary Knox in his plan for the neutralization of the Manchurian railroads in 1909.

The author is politely critical in his comments upon American policy in the Orient. He feels that both the government at Washington and the American people have been deceived by the wiles of Japanese diplomacy. He points out that our disinterested attitude toward the Far Eastern problem has not served in any way to check the steady march of Japanese imperialism.

Mr. Chung's work shows the bias that might be expected in an ardent Corean patriot. This bias is especially apparent in his severe strictures on the Japanese national character and in his rather uncritical adoption of various unsubstantiated stories about the activities of Japanese spies in America. At the same time his book is a lucid and readable sketch of political conditions in the Far East; and his observations about the danger of a new war originating in the Orient are entitled to serious consideration. He devotes over a hundred pages to a reprint of various historical documents, including several treaties between China and the Western powers, Japan's famous twenty-one demands, the Lansing-Ishii agreement, etc. W. H. C.

DEEP WATERS

W. W. JACOBS

More inimitable stories of English sea-faring folk. $1.60.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS FIFTH AVE. AT 48TH ST. NEW YORK

The QUERRILLS

By Stacy Aumonier

A NEW novel by one of the most brilliant and satisfying of modern English writers. A powerful story of a well-bred English family. A Century book. All bookstores. $1.60.

About a Column

"Perhaps," said a recent Tribune book review, "we do not speak for the craft, but it is probable that book reviewers, as a rule, like best those books which are about 160 pages long, with wide margins and large type."

We think you must have been reading "In The Sweet Dry and Dry," 168 pp.; nice margins; and what looks to us like 14 point; or, at any rate, 12 point, with enormous leads.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY
BART HALEY.

From the Author of "Off Duty"

May I tell you that Oscar Wilde was always one of the men's favorite authors at camp, and it seemed well to include his story of finest merit in my volume for the reason that our enlisted men have too little of the best in literature in their menu?

Unfortunately the "Dere Mable" and "Casey at the Bat" type of story is too readily dealt out to our boys, the minority of whom I find really desire books of finer merit. O. Henry's story, "The Furnished Room," which you recommend, I would not use in a book which will perhaps be used in the army hospital wards as much (or more) as elsewhere. It seems best to include the more cheerful type of story for this purpose, as the sick men have little desire for the other.

You wonder why I have not included Irvin Cobb and Charles Van Loan? The use of stories by these authors was denied, though I made every effort to secure them.

The general public seems entirely unaware of the splendid books our enlisted men call for. It has never ceased to be a marvel to me to find even the roughest men asking for the best books in print. War stories are the least popular with them. My aim was to furnish a collection of the best authors in order to lead the men on to the worthwhile story and away from the cheaper ones which flood the market. WILHELMINA HARPER.

This serial pursuit of me by desperate Richard Desmond has got to stop. I surrender on all points and apologize for existing, writing, reading and thinking. If I don't, I shall have even my vote taken away from me, and election day is coming near.

When I made my first slighting allusion to François Villon as "a great poet but a yellow dog," I never dreamed that I was offending a personal friend of his. I thought it was safe to pick on Villon since he had been dead for several hundred years.

But, lo and behold, Mr. Desmond arose and demanded that The Tribune quit annoying its readers by printing my maunderings on "moyen age psychology" because I was "enormously popular" and therefore could not know anything, and had doubtless taken my opinion of Villon from Stevenson's priggish remarks and not from "the clean wind of thought" of John Payne and Stacpoole.

If I am "enormously popular" I don't know it, and neither does the enormous populace. I wish it were true, and I should not consider enormous popularity an enormity. Furthermore, it would by no means debar me from the privilege of study or argument.

In answer to my patient alignment of the facts about Villon, who is the real subject of debate, Mr. Desmond comes back with a ferocious attack on me, and swats me with a resounding bladder all over the place.

Yet the fact that he dislikes my work so intensely has nothing to do with Villon. It is no luxury and no novelty to me to be lambasted in book-reviewing columns, yet I know of nobody on earth who is so bitterly disappointed in my work as I am. I am a very nice man, an honest blacksmith and awfully goodhearted, yet I can't seem to get on paper what I want to say as I ought to say it. As the piper said, "I blow it in so sweet and it comes out so sour."

He—Mr. Desmond—speaks of my "customary genial wrong-headedness." It is something to be genial, Mr. Desmond is not even that. And he has me at a frightful disadvantage, because when I quote a fact about Villon and he retorts with a contemptuous opinion of some work of mine I can't find any work of his to retaliate on.

Furthermore, I am utterly bewildered with my inability to understand his point of view, which seems to be this: If I express disapproval of Villon for beating a prostitute she did not bring home a client with money for Villon, that action of Villon's becomes at once a sweet and beautiful deed if Mr. Desmond alleges that I wrote a farce called "Excuse Me" or that my novel, "The Unpardonable Sin," is "the falsification of life by art."

"Excuse Me" was an attempt to portray the peculiarities of American sleeping-car life realistically and humorously. It happened to achieve financial success and to make multitudes of people laugh. I wish to God I could do another one.

But wherein does that accidental success debar me from criticising anybody's literary work?

Aristophanes wrote a number of knockabout farces attacking ward heelers, street preachers, suffragettes and others. Yet he criticised Euripides both as a man and as an author.

Charles Lamb wrote a farce about a man who tried to conceal the fact that his real name was "Hogflesh." It ran one night, and he helped the audience hiss it off the stage.

If it had succeeded, would it have debarred him from commenting on Shakespeare and other playwrights? Or was it its failure that gave him the privilege of literary discussion?

Well, my first dramatic production ran one night in New York, and I have had some of the worst failures in dramatic record. Doesn't that convince Mr. Desmond that I have the inalienable privilege of free speech? Is Mr. Desmond one of those numerous pests that use the word "success" as a synonym for demerit, and "unpopularity" as a proof of genius?

Mr. Desmond won't even permit me to praise Villon's poetic achievements. He says that, since Villon wrote in set forms, I am idiotic to speak of him as a "marvellous technician." I had foolishly supposed that the ability to manage set forms was one of the primary tests of technic. Even his gospel, Stacpoole, says that the grand testament "must always live by virtue of its wonderful technic."

Mr. Desmond complains that when he quoted Payne as a defender of Villon I quoted Payne as the denouncer of Villon. "Payne is made to stand against me simply because he admits the truism that Villon was a tippler, a brothel hanger-on, and a thief. All Payne's decent charity, historical retrospect and humanity of handclasp across the centuries is conveniently left out."

I had thought that the way to justify myself for calling Villon a yellow dog was to prove that he was one. Now Mr. Desmond says that it is a truism! Since we agree on that, I am just as sorry as anybody about it, and I defy anybody to outdo me in "decent charity, historical retrospect and humanity of handclasp across the centuries."

RUPERT HUGHES.

"ALL-OUT-OF-PRINT-BOOKS" WRITE ME; can get you any book ever published on any subject. The most expert book finder extant. When in England call and see my 500,000 rare books. BAKER'S GREAT BOOK SHOP, John Bright St., Birmingham.

NEW NOVELS

THE MAN WITH THE LAMP By Janet Laing

Delightful as was "Before the Wind," Miss Laing's new story is even more appealing. It is a swiftly moving, ingenious story of adventure, sparkling with humor and a kindly satire. But the touch in it of something deeper and more spiritual sets it apart from the merely entertaining, new fiction. *Net $1.90*

THE STREET OF ADVENTURE By Philip Gibbs

The great novel of London's newspaper centre, Fleet Street, picturesque, intensely interesting, full of the thrills and emotions of an artistic temperament in such surroundings. *Net $1.90*

THE HOMESTEAD By Zephine Humphrey

A beautifully written book in which the atmosphere of a fine old New England house attains almost to the position of a character in the story, because of its influence upon the heroine Barbara. The picture is drawn with delicacy, insight and charm. *Net $1.90*

SILVER AND GOLD By Dane Coolidge

A breezy western story of a miner's love and luck, by the author of "The Fighting Fool." Full of action, romance and adventure. A real man's story. *Net $1.75*

THE SON OF PIO By C. L. Carlsen

The New York Times says: "It tells a good story and tells it well, with plenty of snap and go, with a keen sense of humor, with a mounting tensity of emotion . . . and full knowledge of the unusual Filipino environment." "A corking good story." *Net $1.75*

THE CRESCENT MOON By F. Brett Young

Everybody's Magazine says: "It takes you straight into Africa, gives you a pleasant creepy feeling. . . . The book stands out among the year's romance because in it there beats so strongly the inscrutable heart of Africa." *Net $1.75*

THE GAMESTERS By H. C. Bailey

The New York Times calls it "a gay tale of adventure—rather a tale of many adventures, of the maddest kind. . . . Through it all Eve remains as lovely as she is daring." *Net $1.75*

THE BETRAYERS By Hamilton Drummond

A brilliant historical romance of the 13th century struggle between Frederick II and Pope Innocent IV. Full of color, intrigue, love and adventure. *Net $1.90*

LITTLE HOUSES By George Woden

There is a quaintness and distinction about this, the first novel of a new English writer, which commends it highly to discriminating readers. *Net $1.90*

Postage extra. Order of your Bookseller or E. P. DUTTON & CO. 681 Fifth Ave. New York

Three BIG Little Books by Robert L. Owen

U.S. Senator from Okla.; Master-Builder of the Federal Reserve Act.

"Foreign Exchange" A lucid explanation of a subject which every citizen should understand—and very few do. Price 75c.

"Where is God in the European War?" A statesman's logic applied to the great lessons of the war. Price 60c.

"The Federal" Reserve Act The very facts you have wanted about the measure that achieved such extraordinary results during the war. Price $1

THE man who keeps his head in the turmoil of these confusing days gives every citizen new heart and courage. Such a leader has here written clearly and intimately of three important phases of our national progress.

At All Book Stores Published by THE CENTURY CO. 353 Fourth Avenue New York City

By BERTRAND W. SINCLAIR

Author of "North of Fifty-Three" and "Big Timber"

HERE is a vigorous romance of the Canadian Northwest, notable for the genuineness of its characters, that will appeal to all lovers of the great outdoors.

"'Burned Bridges' is a well-told novel, with a manly hero, and a splendid heroine." —*New York Times*

$1.60 net. At all booksellers.

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., Publishers, BOSTON

Now Ready. By VICENTE BLASCO IBANEZ

Mare Nostrum

(OUR SEA)

As the publishers of The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse we commend BLASCO IBANEZ' new novel **Mare Nostrum** without reserve.

$1.90 net. Postage Extra. Order of your Bookseller or E. P. DUTTON & CO. 681 5th Ave., New York.